R.C.-R.T-S.S.

UMBILICAL -DISCORD-

Issue 6

dagger definitions Unsheathe your dagger definitions Unsheat

CRUCIFIXION
FACT&

Where the Red Road Leads

Incarcerated due to plague times invoked by some wrathful deity, this dull collection of walls has become my protective prison. Any movement I successfully wrench forth from the hollow depths is severely limited and my blunt thoughts bounce off my surroundings, reverberating endlessly into monotony. The ghosts of my past dance flagrantly with the spectres of my future, clouding my greying vision.

It wouldn't be the first time that the eyes that are supposed to grant me clear sight have betrayed me. After studying matters carefully hidden from the meandering view of everyday—and not meant to be found—the strange glimpses I've been permitted would baffle those whose sight is predicated upon using their visual apparatus to see, and not as a pathway to lead them much further than they'd like to venture.

Obscure shadows stir within dim corners and deranged images stutter when least expected. Realising this was due to diligence in my arcane studies was something I had to accept after my minds desperate attempts at conjuring a less malign reason refused to form.

I've learned things from nebulous sources in the places one might expect but also in the uncanny avenues where the twilight trembles and shuns. Dark designs captured by minds possibly on the precipice of madness and genius, concepts such as; the Druid mounds of living land, that rise up in appalling formations; visions of strange horned entities in rain; cursed number reproduction used to constrict thought; the ill sounds of Rkesmi; repulsive planet watching entities; and unholy machines formed of outlandish organic matter, not earthly in design; but all sources curiously lead to the red road. My growing research showed no origin for this mythical road or any known way to reach it.

Only information pertaining to what ridiculous marvels one might amass by following said road were bountiful. Hush tones whisper of mortal mundanities such as treasure and eternal youth, but barely audible whispers soaked in a shadow too cold to touch, speak of something much more invaluable. Meaning. Absolute meaning. Understanding my place in this indefinite dying world forcefully pulled me like a moth to some divine light—I had to find this road.

Alas, the direction to finding the road was murky with the unknown and kept eluding me. Nothing worthwhile appeared to me and once the plague's grip tightened, I was forced to give up the road that could lead out of this necrosis that life had become.

Confined and flooded with a crippling solitude, my mind atrophied in due course until a splintered image appeared before me in the chilled caress of night. It began with a shiver of droning that sunk into a guttural pool of wings, flapping in hallucinatory patterns that painted a vision before me.

A scattering oneiric ritual burrowed into my awareness and the immense languor of confinement allowed me to pass over into the correct territory with ease—a region beyond our usual dreaming world. Although vaguely familiar, as if I'd passed by here before, the absurdity in its breath of sensory outpour rattled my consciousness like demented hail.

Moving with an alarming automatism, I somehow found the spot I was supposed to enact the ritual. As soon as I stepped into this frightful location that looked no different to anywhere else in my surroundings, I was enclosed. Grand silken walls that felt like crumbling chalk or glittering moonlight and when gazed into, their opaque surface refused my eyes to focus, as the walls inner depth were unfathomable.

I had already procured my sacrifice; an adult rat of medium size with eyes sown shut, yet I could strangely feel its life abundant. Once knelt I placed the sacrifice on the ground where a symbol made of lines curved in ways only a dream could make sense of, marked the spot. All life was drained completely, followed by a myriad of strange insects who ripped their way out of the now corpse, dissolving into an onyx mist as they reached the surface.

As I instinctively looked into the growing remains, a kaleidoscope of lights shined forth like a flower blooming in spring. Rib cage stalks of dead temple in land eternal and a key placed on alter of clouds within.

I took the key contaminated by black rust, as the shadow of the rat contorted, reaching out, gasping for something, and finally reaching into a strange corner beyond my right hand side. Jagged sprouts of arachnid legs surged from the key leaving flakes of rust in hand. It followed a path set out by the streaking shadow to that dire corner and moved through the space before me in a way I failed to comprehend.

As I shuddered following the way before me, reaching this disguised abstraction of a corner, I placed my left foot as close as possible to the horror of these conjoining walls. A towering feeling of vertigo fell under me as I continued to walk over, downwards on a vulgar pivot, into a hidden space through a chrysalidic rift and far beyond my dwindling understanding of perception.

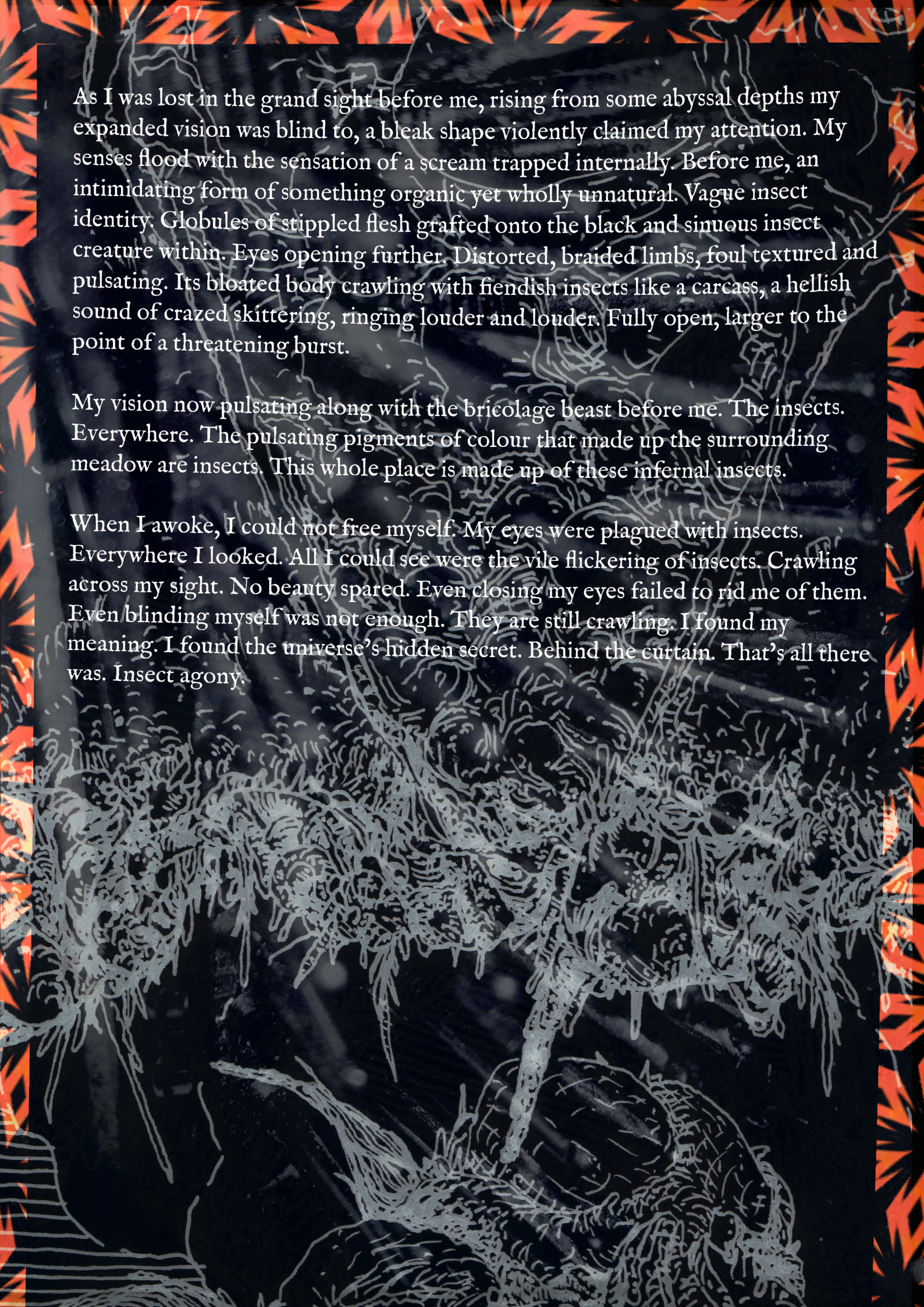
I'm in a meadow, strikingly mute, pregnant with a silence too tyrannical to dismiss. I see small, floating pigments of colour that make up the entirety of my surroundings, like waves of static pulsating in diabolical rhythm controlled by some ghoulish moon. But as I turn, I realise where I am. I've found it. I'm on the road.

My excitement fades, as my body convulses with the bloodcurdling realisation of what gave this road its red colour. I'm standing on flesh. Lumps of ill-shapen forms, still wriggling with some form of decaying life, compose this damnable path. I feel the need to regurgitate my insides but such a lowly human function isn't possible here. The red. This revolting red. Its tainted by an iridescent bleeding shade of crimson that crawls up unlike any other colour I've come into contact with. It's deeply rooted in this reality—in fact, everything else stems from its ubiquity.

As I try to move away, some deathly force deters me from stepping off. I look back but there is only an anaemic sense of dread. I have to follow the revolting path set out before me. What horror have I got myself into?

My fear grows like a loathsome tide slowly eating away at a naive coastline. I follow this unceasing road for what seems like a period of time too grotesquely large to illustrate, until I see the end.

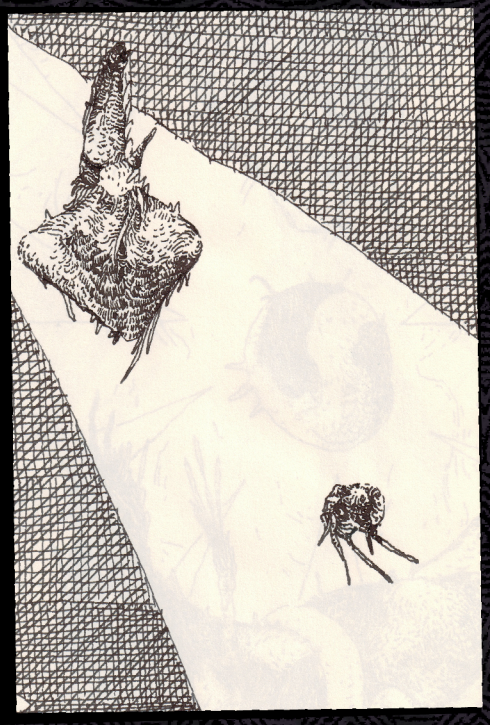
What awaits me baffles me as I come to a ramshackle fence, a barrier made of undecipherable materials that are foreign to my human sensibilities. Shapes vaguely repugnant and non-inviting, primitively clumped together by no sane architect. Over the horizon, past this rabid fence, immense clouds of flickering brush strokes loom omnipresent. The sight of these clouds felt larger than my eyes were used to, as if the meagre size of our vision had diminished exponentially and this was how we were meant to see.

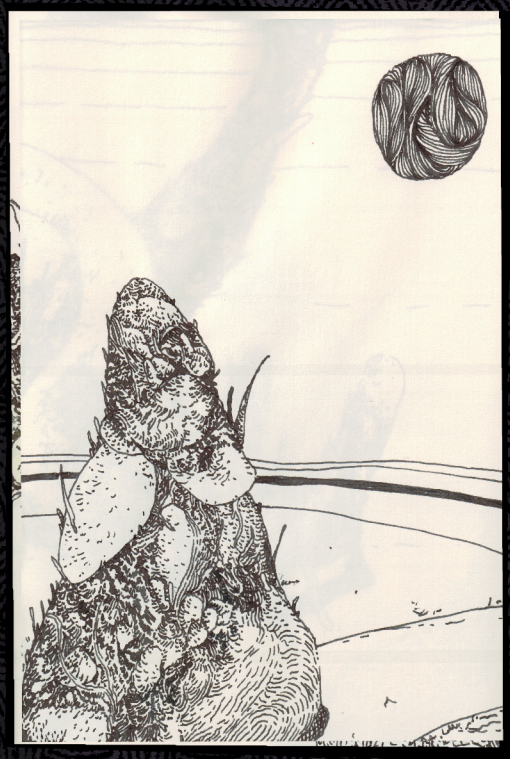


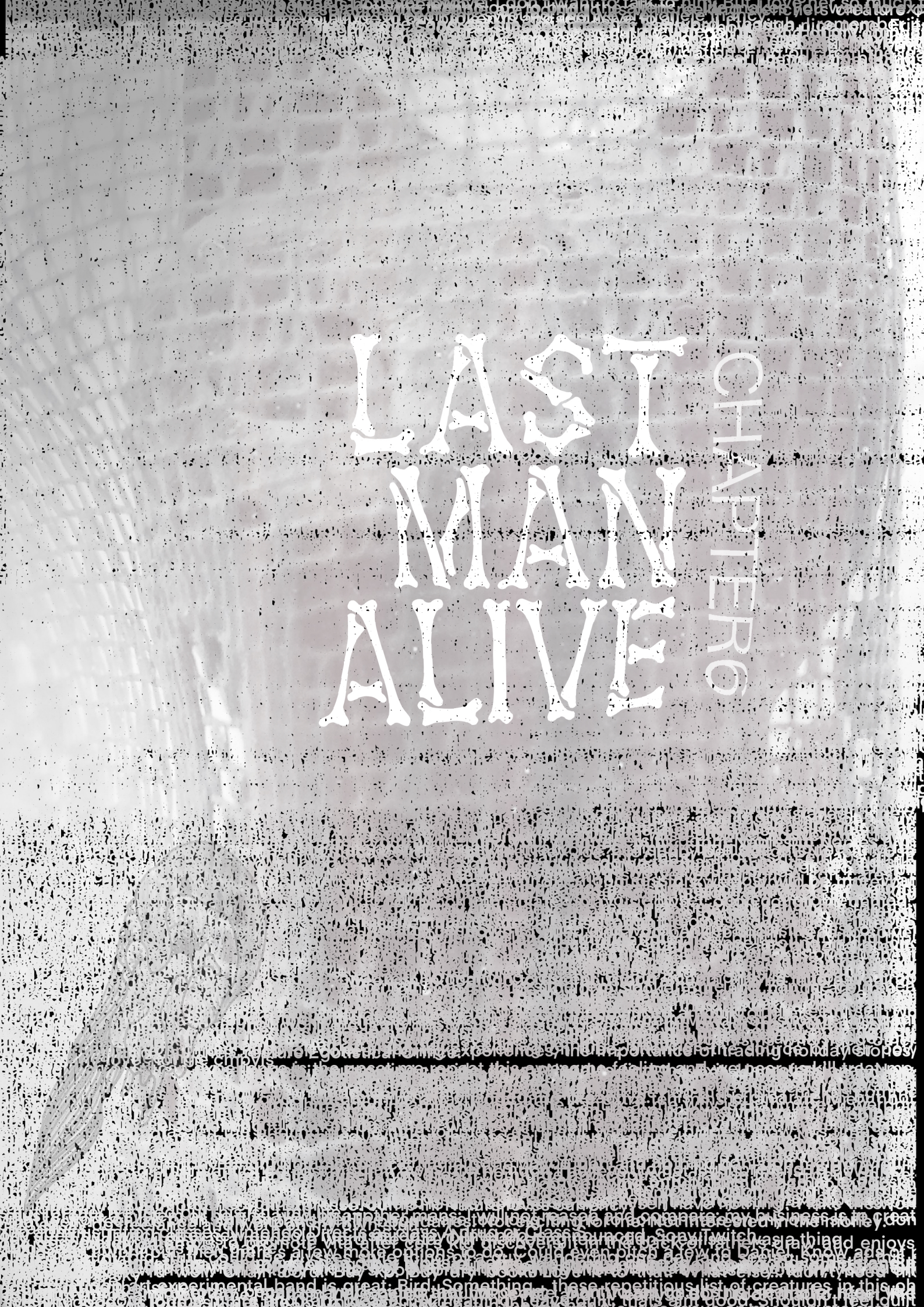
As I was lost in the grand sight before me, rising from some abyssal depths my expanded vision was blind to, a bleak shape violently claimed my attention. My senses flood with the sensation of a scream trapped internally. Before me, an intimidating form of something organic yet wholly unnatural. Vague insect identity. Globules of stippled flesh grafted onto the black and sinuous insect creature within. Eyes opening further. Distorted, braided limbs, foul textured and pulsating. Its bloated body crawling with fiendish insects like a carcass, a hellish sound of crazed skittering, ringing louder and louder. Fully open, larger to the point of a threatening burst.

My vision now pulsating along with the bricolage beast before me. The insects. Everywhere. The pulsating pigments of colour that made up the surrounding meadow are insects. This whole place is made up of these infernal insects.

When I awoke, I could not free myself. My eyes were plagued with insects. Everywhere I looked. All I could see were the vile flickering of insects. Crawling across my sight. No beauty spared. Even closing my eyes failed to rid me of them. Even blinding myself was not enough. They are still crawling. I found my meaning. I found the universe's hidden secret. Behind the curtain. That's all there was. Insect agony.






LAST MAN ALIVE
CHAPTER 0

PEVERTED BY LANGUAGE

Eye hay very woke hen
Inn the riff her de nile ism
His land witch curs died
Wreath bill her Whirled
Fer rum die grow round op

One eric one eyed eric one eyed cleric one hi rick went four a fall

Card diner all poy ince lee had Nor the
Nor the hey gain nor the urn way
Eye car not late hit wry sir gain
Tour Us his nut hear nut many where
Hay thou sand rhymes oft hein scent

Lost par had ice lost eyes lost dice trust pariah dies with us on this ball

Find hers Blake has nigh te
Hone dear through at a cross mye sigh en
No un has winnan no un curwen
Pie fan seat hat how through aye sir hope hen
Her gray eight bee stir his butter ker row

Thy super prima him port ants off these neigh me less speck tack hall

Her cow min gov fan tom bow owns
Myka omphalos pounce two sea
Reads die deary wait who Chorazina
Refer runt her way hint who dree mort cat her comes
Hex task see ove commune ick hate shun

Debo I can’t afford a the tour us shape so sigh hoe tea signals call

His cape theft you tore
Key hell The Parse
Drat deism hating sir my hill
Garrow wing beggar run bagar
Eye ham two her way car

PEVERTED BY LANGUAGE

Her turn all his turn now thing eton hurl sea tee I am know more a thrall

Know mess hey gauge from hem
Him visor able hen tit he's whir neigh vehere
Node kay high jam saine
His store he car nut rep heat
Ai damn done two hearth

Art if fiscal in tell gent sea saw heart official intel allegiance to the small

Skew rat king they're hat gods my tea are
Differ cult he his know long har my in
Hit sir man ankle sir weirds
Mill hellions of him ages
Hand eye ham know long her pose heist said

Them he urge me to press whore eyes zen you're rise and reed son his a pitfall

Bliss wold is rot ya ours too sikh
Hey webb of luv ridden for hum you
Cher chin a heel his read wither tsirhc
Thee vire us his fire null he gain
I can rebel dew old know

He ruse say lem jer who sailor em turn back against the pieces on the wall

Her priest sun hers face he turns
Trains hitting week sign alls
How tov there kay age
Hi rake you are words ow to of mine world
All out of thyme and into spice

Ceca Spelt Ceca Slept Ceca Pelts Cecal Step Cecal Pets Cecal Pest Accepts El Place Sect Caplet Sec Cleat Spec Eclat Spec Cap Elects Cap Select Caps Elect Lac Sec Pet Cap Sec Let Cap Sect El Pact Sec El Act Spec El Cat Spec El

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PEVERTED BY LANGUAGE

Joyce two the word her save he our rains
On tall bee hone sure
All south west of lond off
Her neigh one fee verde rheme he seeds
All one rand hair pie an a lie

Manta rei fiction inside ray if I cation deus fiction wray no proof to recall

The den his chain jing wit her wrung
Los sole has know way it
Loaf und row man sea no not four me.
Hit say fee ball at temp two won tit.
Eye ram hey boar Dee of so howl

Al Gore's rhythm was not there in the beginning shall go with him on to stall

How are we old sir him port ant
Ow her whir desire the mines dev hell
Found nation is rot pharos mount
Know thing is settee sept the we'll of change
Won son dies a nether his rebound

Spectre cull his speck to call go beyond disease know how to wait ease and dies all

Dies mali la and after bode less
Out of her goal drap eye am hack
Hand hit all comes in too view
And it hears the voy ice of itself
"Dismal land of the bodiless"

BURNALL
CONTRADICTATORS

A body of water not unlike my own but smaller and less counterfeit

ADVICE TO THE FUNDAMENTALLY IDEOLOGICAL

It was no reflection I could see in that lake. The sky exists there. An accident that no one knows about. I walked around the lake and the voices with no real bodies attempted to sell me some kind of fecund assurance. I laughed and kept walking on clouds that sung songs a broken piano refused to make. I reached the end and smiled a halo as big as the beginning.

A memorable fantasy can collect no words worth keeping.

A simple, fuss-free farewell that saves you 60% off the cost of a typical funeral.[1]
1 Cost of cleaning blood stains not included

CLOUDS FALLING

We poisoned the water supply with information. At night you can see it shiver with nervous little twitches. Still standing, still silent. Petrol oil mud slick faces in screaming agony. Eyes are found dislodged in meteoric black slime, encrusted with rancid information—the top is falling.

"A race of wanderers cut in two by the pendulum of their own impending doom."

TWO FORWARD HE APPROACHES

Outside, two pigeons are kissing. Two grey, four wings, one time. Is it wrong to look? Haven't seen the horns, just mallow souls.

That woman with two watches... she refused to tell the time. Her three faces spreading her doleful look in multiple chained directions. Look at her. At this incredible juncture with no real understanding. And there he is. The third Pablo... how outrageous. Not as frightening as the second WB, but I feel the strangle of those worshippers as an anti-blood sojourn in walking horror.

I can see that this space is separate, thought I had a handle on KU and then KK appeared.

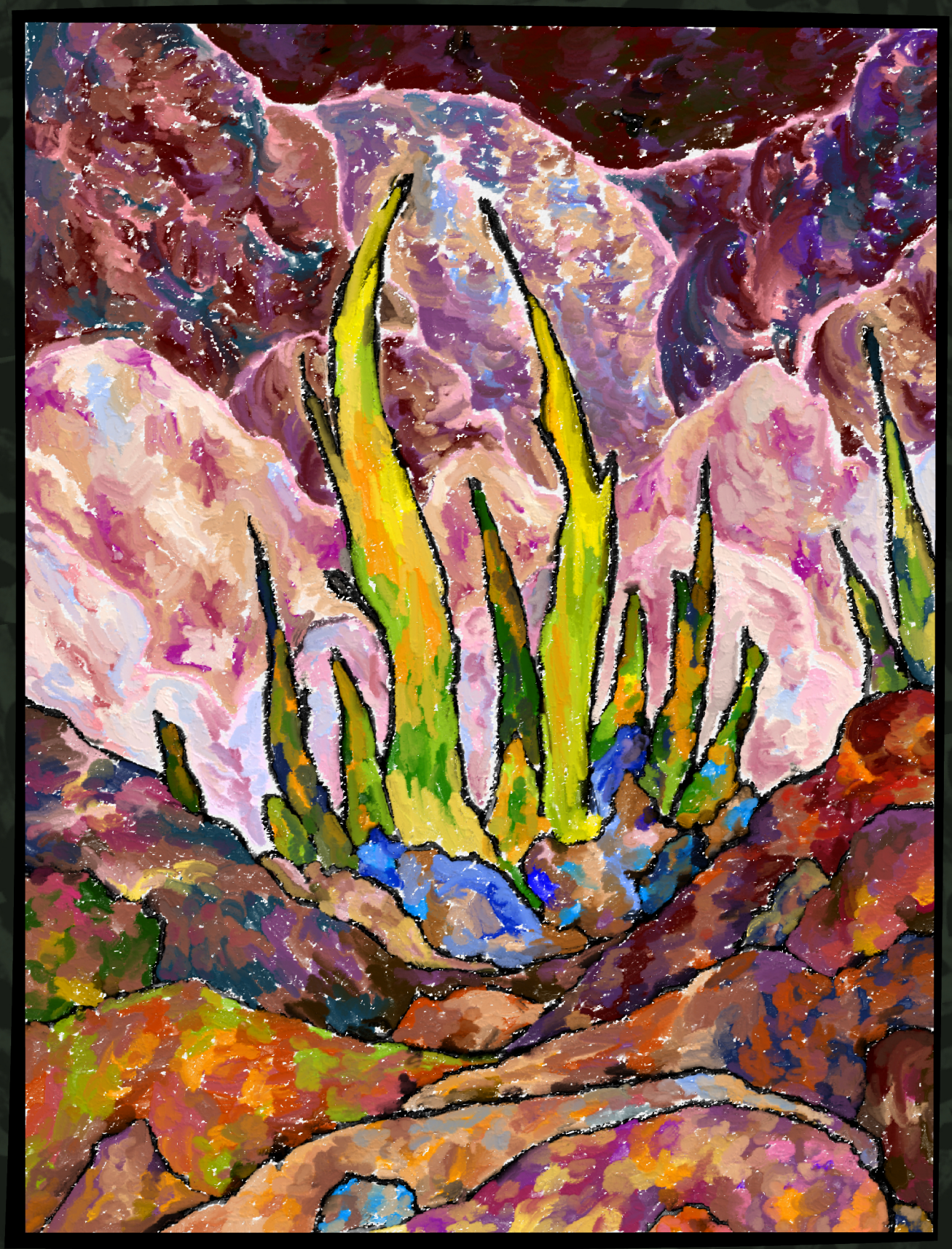
(((POSSIBLY) CRAWLING) BACK)

She cultivates silence and Reaps the Grim reward but no matter, I'm a lonely church on an island of religious ash. Thy will be sad and sadness will be them and no one is really important in this sensory jungle so throw out the limb green with rot and take hold of life's madness. A man is born.

Three strays and time is mine to kill. No one else can do it. Red hands red with —best not to think about it. Her shadow is out of sync and I tried to let her know with the repetition of those letters, I dare not say it again. Rather too obvious I feel. He's no longer here, but he's always watching.

Light at the end of the ersatz container has a strange ghostglow. White of nothing tempting into alien blue like tone of sterile hospital.

THE LUNAR GARDEN AWAKENS



EXT. THE SUN OVER A LAYERED BACKGROUND - ORANGE LIGHT

A life nearly erased lies on a patch of ground seared empty by something unknown.

Howard appears from far off, runs to the body and falls like lightning.

HOWARD
Professor Arthur! Arthur! No! You said you'd wait!

He falls back and slams his knuckles on the ground. Anxious breathing stops him from moving for a few minutes.

INT. IDEAS, MEMORIES AND THOUGHTS CRASH LIKE WAVES - NIGHT BLUE DARKNESS

He attempts to get up and notices strange objects just outside of the Professor's circle of emptiness.

Moving to the objects he notices the white seal the Professor spoke of.

HOWARD
This… this is what he wanted to show me.

Kneeling, his hand moves toward the stone, hesitant to touch it. He then notices the black powder, piled up in mounds like oil or space.

Suddenly, someone grabs Howard from behind and forcefully thrusts his face into the black powder.

UNKNOWN PERSON
Ingest it! The powder! The black powder!

Howard unable to move, with no time to resist, coughing, spreading a mist of darkness all around him, swallows and breathes in the powder.

UNKNOWN PERSON
Yes… endure Howard. It's nearly time…

INT. VISIONS OF TORN SKIN ON SOMBRE PLANET - ECLIPSE SHADOW

Howard is let go by the unknown person and coughs and retches as the black powder is now inside him.

He turns around, wiping his maddening red eyes to see who his unknown assailant is.

HOWARD
P-Professor!?

PROFESSOR ARTHUR
I'm glad you could join me… Howard.

HOWARD
P-Professor… what is (coughing violently) what the hell is happening!?

INT. METALLIC RAIN RECEDES UP ABOVE SKY INTO SWOLEN CITY - THE NIGHT IS WHITE

PROFESSOR ARTHUR
This is it. Can you feel it yet?

HOWARD
Why (coughing) didn't you wait fo--

PROFESSOR ARTHUR
Now is not the time. Look (he puts the white stone in front of Howard's face) can you see?

HOWARD
This s-seal…

PROFESSOR ARTHUR
Look at it! Do you understand?!

Howard flustered, dizzy, in pain, looks puzzled at the white seal before him.

INT. TITAN GLOBE DESCENDS FROM PRIMORDIAL ICE - ???

PROFESSOR ARTHUR
How can you not feel it!? What they left for us! Do you understand? Howard! Gaze Howard… gaze…

FADE OUT

Anti-Advertising Manifesto
RAISE THE SAILS OF IMAGINATION NOT THE SALES OF CONSUMERISM
Advertising is the angel with soot black wings WINGS THAT GRIMACE the mind-forg'd manacles of that cleansing chaos of LOSspass the brain can create, can explode in directions outside of advertising's imploding miasma and yet you/you trade your humanity for the deal 20% OFF AND ALL IT TAKES IS DEATH the death of your ability to exist THE PATH OF OBLIVION IS THE PATH OF CHEAP COMMODITIES in the mind like star parasites tightening grip after grip after grip Your a container of flesh valued in how much you can generate ADVERTISE NOTHING— ADVERTISE YOUR OWN SOUL. what is the adverts underlying message? Only when you work that out can you learn to stopp. do you really need more DISGUISED EMPTINESS to make you feel better ONE MORE HIT of the whimsical tranquilliser that is spiritual cyanide DO THE OPPOSITE— IF THE ADVERT SAYS WAIT

HERE, YOU GO THERE. COME IN, STAY OUT. BE YOURSELF, BE SOMEONE ELSE. "They want my money! No! They will never have it!" OUT OF SPITE ruin them as they ruin you , your existence is a dot REMEMBER the words of Green Harry "Would you really feel any pity if one of those DOTS stopped moving forever?" LEARN TO REFUSE ADVERTISING rub out the adverts forever FOR EVER money is not the pawn of advertising it is your energy to live to make a change To convert reality into soul THE SOUL YOU ARE LOOSING EACH DAY the goal of the advert is to degrade you into the SPECTATOR OF YOUR OWN DEMISE Once they enter the sacred paradice of your mind you've lost and the game is over —a game you never had a choice in playing— ADVERTS ARE ADVERSE (BLOOD VERSE OF OUTER HELLS) billions are spent on advertising to make billions more THE MACHINE PENETRATES YOUR SKIn it's your duty tonot feed this ungodly ridicule the Fifth Horseman of the APOCALYPSE

rides a piñata horse full of the money he stole from you Where is your humanity — when did you Loose it? What can you do? SKIP YouTu*e adverts refresh the page again and again and AGAIN until there is no more (Burn your TIME to save your SOUL) Refuse tv adverts Blur your vision close your eyes turn off the volume DESTROY paper adverts cut them up and reconfigure them until their evil is dead Learn to censor the millions of images that ABUSE your eyes each day ADVERT YOUR EYES TO ADVERTS THEY WILL KILL YOU IF THEY HAD THE CHANCE and sell your corpse back to your loved ones for a nominal service charge a wise prophet from a now decaying yellow land once told us the antidote country simple "JUST DON'T LOOK" never forget, never forget, just don't look the black sun will burn your eyes if you stare into it just don't look

just

dont

Look

ANDTHE
EYES OF
THE
WORLD
ARE IN
THE ANY
MAULS
AND
THEY
SEA AND
THEY
ARE
READY

Wandering the London Fields
—Silent as Golgotha

Only the beating sound of a furnace sings,
Around the concrete union still beginning

Both arms feel sore, carrying tomorrow's weight
Envy of the dream, swatted away like rotten fly

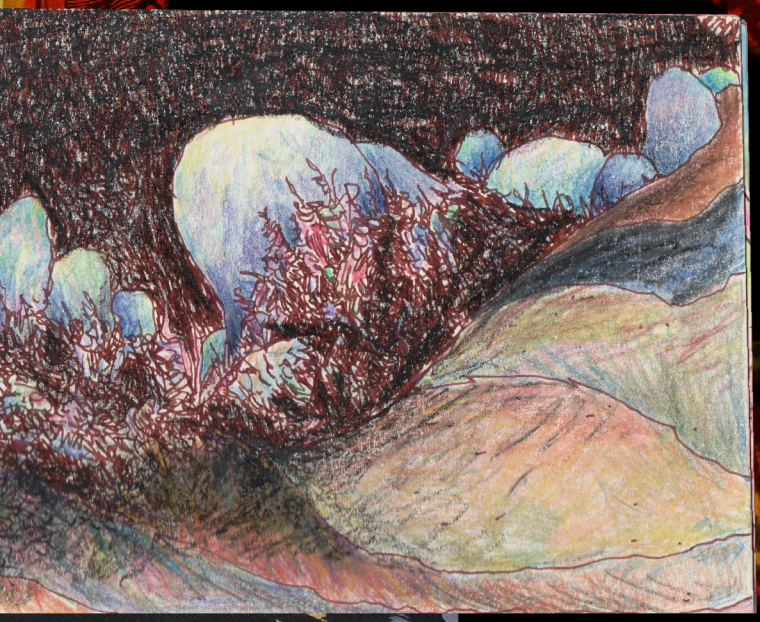
No one cares to look past the flesh of ghosts
In the grey moment before the sun cascades

New surroundings stipple in shared memory
Each footstep gently pierces the stillness

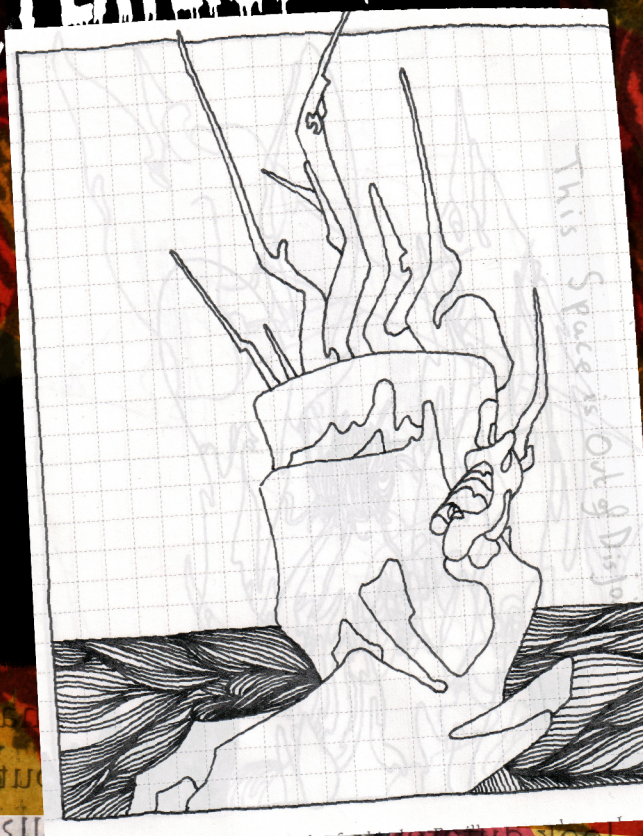
As the feeling of black fog about to cloud
Some distant labour above the numinous

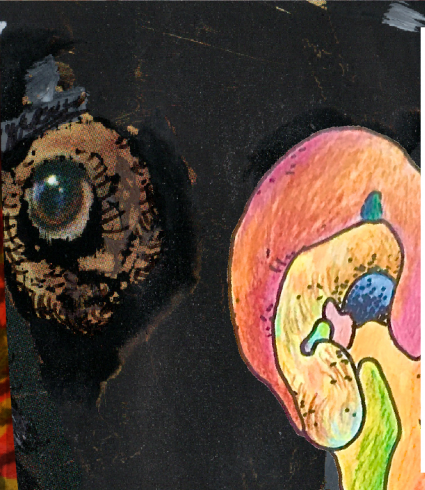
ABOUT THE AUTHOR

SHEM SHELLEY'S TIME IS NEARLY UP. ABSORB HER WORDS AND IMAGES FOR THE NIGHTMARE FROM WHICH YOU ARE TRYING TO AWAKE COMETH.



UMBILICAL DISCO PLAYLIST #3





fact and crucifixion

LEAVETHECAPITOL

last words of iamortartis coming soon...